

WE HUNGRY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Every day it’s the same...”

Hisa floated back and forth within the confines of her own pocket dimension. As an all-powerful nekomata, she had the power of the endless universe at her disposal. If there was something that she wanted? She could easily create it with her magic. This included things like furniture and personal belongings, and her powers were even much more expansive than that. The girl just had a *favorite* way to use them: transforming others.

But that was neither here nor there when it came to her current predicament, at least *thus* far. For all of her endless power, she could naturally create her own *meals*. There was no need for her to procure ingredients or even cook. In fact, she’d never had a meal that had *actually* been prepared by another person over the course of her life. This probably didn’t sound like much of a problem, right?

“All of this food just feels like its *missing something* though! Even though it should be exactly the same... Humans always look like they’re enjoying their food *way more!*” Hisa couldn’t *stand* the idea of humans having a better life than her in absolutely *any* capacity! She was all powerful! How could they experience something in a way that was better than her!? **“Is there a way I could experience it? I suppose I could just make a chef from thin air...”**

The issue was that anything she created from scratch didn’t really have a *soul*. That was her power’s major limitation. She could ‘create’ life, but it wouldn’t have a soul or personality. On the other hand, she *could* still a chef from one of the infinite worlds she had access to. Whenever she

sent one of her victims into an anime or game world, that was one of those worlds. Still, she could upset the balance if she removed someone and didn't *replace* them. Though... There was a way around that, wasn't there?

“Why is it so *muggy!*?” Joseph had bigger problems than the temperature. He knew that well. After all, his completely normal day had been rudely interrupted when he was suddenly *spirited away* to another world entirely. He actually understood *where* he was. He was in the Natlan region in Genshin Impact, specifically at the Collective of Plenty at dusk. Pathways were illuminated by torchlight, but the streets were empty. He'd also arrived next to a cooking pot, grill, and other supplies, but he didn't consider that to be relevant.

A part of him didn't believe even believe it, but that also came with the vague sense of *déjà vu*. Why did he feel like he *knew* how this had happened? He couldn't piece it together, but it was bugging him. Had something like this happened to him before? It had. Numerous times. But those memories had been wiped from his head by the one who had brought him there. **“Okay, so why am I even here...?”** He was in so much disbelief that he could hardly process it.

But he'd understand soon.

“Whoa!?” Seemingly out of nowhere, Joseph found himself struck with an overwhelming dizziness that had him placing a nearby hand on the back of a stool to keep himself from falling. It wasn't like him to become so off balance out of nowhere, but at the same time? He *was* in a new environment with a vaguely different climate and air pressure. Could one of those factors be contributing to this sudden imbalance? He would have been luckier if that *had* been the case.

The man didn't originally notice it, but he was dizzy because his stature was *diminishing*. Normally a man that stood at nearly the six foot mark, his shoulders were gradually dropping lower and lower towards the stool he was holding onto. His limbs shortened, and as they did so? His hands also crept smaller, as did his feet while his heels rounded – but oddly became exceptionally calloused as if he made a habit of running all the time.

His dizzy spell only went away once the shrinking ended, and by then he stood at 5'5" instead. **“That was *weird...*”** The man's shirt was now relatively oversized, while his pants had bunched up around his knees and feet. It was *obvious* what had happened to him. Or at least it *should* have been. **“*At least I'm not dizzy anymore!*”** But not only did he

not notice that he had shrunk? The pitch of his voice rose to a bubblier tone as the coloring of his olive complexion paled to a light pink instead.

For a few moments? This was a clear mismatch. A higher pitch might have suited a shorter body better, but it clashed with the masculine appearance of his face more than anything. *That* was where the *corrections* came into play. That lighter-colored face of his began to soften, skin taking on qualities that were a touch more youthful as his cheeks rounded and his lips puffed up into a passive pout. This fuller face was also treated to a shrunken nose, although his nostrils did flare slightly, as well as eyes that became much fuller and more circular in shape. By the time his lashes danced longer, and a purple swirled amidst his irises?

Just looking at his face, you'd likely assume that he was a woman more than a man first and foremost. A loud sound brought an expression of surprise onto Joseph's now feminine facial features, though. "**Oh! Am I hungry? Maybe that's why I was dizzy?**" That was actually a reasonable assessment, but only because there was no normal way to explain what had happening to him. It was actually indicative of another wave of changes, but Joseph's head wasn't finished quite yet either.

There was obviously *something* off about his hair. His eyebrows had thinned and were slowly lightening in shade, and that color soon spread into the short, dark locks atop his head. For a time, it seemed as if they were being bleached blonde, but that color pivoted to a light *pink* the moment the strands began to *extend*. They grew *insanely* quickly, falling down past the man's shoulder in thick, voluminous waves that probably *weren't* natural. It seemed more like this hair had been distorted by being tied up constantly? His bangs were soft and fluffy, dangling down over his eyes and framing down to his chin.

And then cyan highlights treated some of those bangs, as well as the tips of the hair that reached all the way down to the *backs of his knees*.

Joseph's tummy growled again, this time *much* more intensely than the first time. "**Some eats really would hit the spot! Hm...**" His purple eyes began to survey his surroundings, wholly unaware that he felt much more *at home* in the Collective of the Plenty than he had before. He had vague memories of *living* there that spanned back to childhood. Little by little, he was becoming assimilated into the setting.

But that growling stomach really *hadn't* been for nothing. All of the affected areas were hidden under his slightly-too-large clothing, so it was difficult to make out, but... His body was *swelling*. It began in his stomach. A layer of chubby fat formed around his belly but simultaneously concealed that the muscles of that tummy had firmed

slightly underneath. Before long? His gut lipped *very* slightly over the front of his pants in the end, but— **“Mmn!? Whoa, girl! Now’s not the time to get frisky!”** Girl? Well, that wasn’t actually *wrong*.

Joseph had moaned all of a sudden because *her* cock had shrunk and slithered up into the folds of her new pussy, shaping a womb inside of her body as well. She shook it off as feeling ‘frisky’, but that was just her changing mind making excuses for what it couldn’t properly understand. While this felt unrelated to her weight gain, it wasn’t *actually*.

Case in point? The once non-existent *curves* of her body were becoming *much* fatter now that her sex had conformed beneath a messy bush of pink pubes. She stumbled with a **“Whoa!?”** suddenly as her hips were forced apart, in turn buckling her knees. The woman caught herself, though her thighs furthered her imbalance as she attempted to correct her posture. The now hairless skin of her legs stretched and stretched around the fat that poured into them. Before long? They were stretching the fabric of her pants to the point that they tore at the seams. Each thigh was *thicker* than her waistline, filled with both supple fat and hardened muscle.

Just as she managed to stand upright again? She was tilting forward. **“Oh, come one! I just wanna eat something! Why do I keep getting dizzy!?”** It wasn’t *really* dizziness at this stage, but it felt that way too disorienting for Joseph to call it anything else since she couldn’t process her own transformation. The cause was *clearly* the weight of her chest, which had been continuously packed with additional fat as the nipples atop them fattened in kind. Before long? A pair of *E-cup* tits had taken up room in her shirt.

But *all* was revealed eventually. There was a flash that altered her costume. She suddenly stood in a black crop top and matching, *very* short, pleated skirt. There were detached, cream-colored sleeves that matched cloth that wrapped around her crop top, while cyan bandages were both wrapped around each finger and put in an X-shape on bangs that were lifted by a headband. Her hair was pulled into a pair of *very* long braids, whereas an ahoge popped up atop her head.

The appearance of thick legwarmers over her lower legs with cute heart and cross decorations on them felt *odd* considering the climate, especially when they clashed with her pink running shoes. But the one thigh high on her left leg was just as weird. Why did her outfit not match on both sides? And why did she have a pink wrestling belt on? **“Huh. I feel lighter all of a sudden!”** Because she *preferred* these clothes. It was her usual fit!

That said, her transformation *still* wasn't done. The woman's form twisted to become vaguely *inhuman* in the final stage. Her ears pushed out from the sides of her head as thin, black fur spread across the outskirts and pink fuzz lined the insides. They looked like the ears of a *cow* (even gaining a cowbell on the left ear), as did the white horns that curved out from her skull just above them. A golden ornament appeared on the right horn, while the left one was circled with black paint that also appeared on the tips above cyan and pink splashes. And then? With little resistance, a ropey, pink tail whipped out about eight feet, where a coarser tuft of hair exploded into shape.

“Eh? Why am I by the restaurant? No one's even around to cook!” *Varesa* felt a *little* confused. She couldn't remember what she had done that day, but it was already evening somehow? She knew one thing more than anything else, though. **“I am *really* hungry!”** The cow woman felt like she hadn't eaten in ages! ...Then again, she always felt like that after a good run. Is that what she'd been doing? Had she been running?



She hopped up and down energetically, prompting the weight of her chest, tummy, and thighs to jiggle from the motion. There was an obvious solution to her problem. **“I guess since I'm right by the kitchen, I can whip something up! I'm not as good as the chefs in the Collective, but I'm pretty good in a pinch!”** Naturally, when she was out and about *Varesa* didn't have someone to cook for her. She'd developed her own skills, and they were pretty good!

MAKE SURE YOU MAKE SOME FOR ME...

“E-Eh!? Who's there!?”

I had to raise an eyebrow at the whole situation. *Hisa* had come to me out of the blue with a proposition. **“I present to you a once in a lifetime opportunity!”** Even if it *hadn't* been my all powerful, omnipotent nekomata of a daughter pitching those words, it would have

sounded shady as hell. I tolerated her antics for the most part, namely because she always made sure that time was unwound at the end so that nothing happened to my life, and partly because what could I even *do*? But that didn't mean I had to be happy to play along.

“What opportunity? Actually, scratch that. Not right now. It can wait, right?” I had to meet my Saturday deadlines, so I wasn't in the mood. Even though she always made things go back to normal, to the exact moment before things began after she'd had her fun, there were still side effects. It always took me a day or two to get my head on straight after living as another person for days, weeks, or even an entire lifetime. It was still taxing on my psyche.

“You *know* the answer. Loser.”

“Loser!? You—?” Actually... Huh? Who had I been talking to while I paced about my office? I was talking to the wall. There was no one there, and who could even have *been* there? It wasn't clear to me at the time, but Hisa was already having her way with me. She'd erased my memories of her *and* her powers in preparation for my own transformation. My cheeks felt a little warm all of a sudden. **“Huh? What was I doing...?”**

An unusual fog had settled in over my mind, making it a little hard for me to think straight – including things like considering that it was more difficult for me to think straight in the first place. It was like everything was in a haze, and all at once I felt... *off*. It was a somewhat unsettling feeling, almost like everything had gone a little *numb*. I couldn't have known at the time that it was due to my body's internals being *altered*.

Blood was exchanged for coolant, bones for steel, and organs for synthetic copycats. Even my mind succumbed as my thoughts were transferred into *different* electric signals that were conveyed through a digitized version of my mind. All of this left me more or less stunned, which made it very difficult to react to the onset of changes that quickly plagued me.

Take, for example, my *weight*. I was a much bigger guy than Joseph had been, even though I was roughly the same height. But all the extra pounds were just *shed* straight off my figure. My arms and legs thinned, my face lost a great deal of its roundness, and my bulging stomach eventually smoothed away – erasing the cellulite stretch marks that were ever present in the process. My waistline pinched in at the sides too, but... While it seemed like I might be becoming perfectly trim, that wasn't exactly the case. The belly still poked out an inch or two, giving me the slightest bit of chub that was appealing in its own way.

I wobbled to and from in place, still hardly the slightest bit aware of what was going on even though I *was* conscious. “**Whee...**” But I wasn’t *completely* out of it either. It felt a little like I was *falling*? Which made sense when you considered that I was just reacting to my eye level dropping. Once tall even for a man of my age, I had quickly dropped down to a meager 5’6” instead. It was a process that saw my hands and feet shrink and soften, and my nails extend an inch or two past the tips of my fingers and toes.

Not only had my pants and underwear slipped off, but I was practically swimming in a shirt that had once been loose even on my bigger body at the time.

“**What’s going on...?**” Funnily enough, what had *actually* snapped me out of it was the sound of my own voice. It sounded *significantly* higher and... cuter? But that itself wasn’t an issue. I kind of liked that I sounded so cute! It was just... different. Though the face through which I communicated that voice was becoming increasingly different too. “**...Am I different? Or... Did I always sound like this?**” Mentally, it was kind of like I was being *reprogrammed* at the same time.

Even as I spoke, my thin lips filled out until they were puffy and glossy. My head compressed slightly so that it was shorter, while my eyes expanded into cute, rounded shapes as a crimson color dyed what was now their *lenses* since they weren’t biological eyes. While my face was much rounder overall, it was slightly chubby in a way that didn’t really interfere with its beauty. It certainly helped that my skin was *fairer* and even a little paler, giving my body a more porcelain look.

I became all the prettier once my short, dark hair began to extend and lighten. A healthier sheen spread through it as it extended down to tickle my shoulders, likely a side effect of the fact that I looked to be much more youthful overall, and while the tips became wavier? They also paled in color towards a silver that then spread into my roots. When it came to my bangs, they fluffed up and were swept to the right across similarly silver eyebrows.

“**My voice was always this cute, right? But what about these clothes? Why am I only wearing a shirt? Hmm...**” I really *was* too far-gone to make sense of things, huh? I was staring down at the shirt *I’d* put on that morning and picking at it like I’d never seen it before, while evidently not even remarking at the sight of it... growing. Not the shirt itself, mind you, it was just being pushed forward. The issue was *what* was pushing it forward: a pair of *big naturals* that were swelling from my previously flat chest.

The sensation of my skin tightening around the mounds made me shudder, while the areola of my nipples stretched in kind. The steel frame of my body was the only thing that kept me from tilting forward as that pair of *F-cups* fruitfully bloomed above my chubby belly. Though, there was also a *counterbalance*. My lower half had been bloating too, albeit not so largely in the thighs as had been the case for Varesa. My thighs *did* thicken a little, but most of that weight pooled into my ass. My pale cheeks lifted the back of my shirt, which tugged up the front to reveal... *nothing* between my legs?

No, it wasn't nothing. But it was *almost* nothing. There was a little nub beneath a trimmed silver bush that *must* have been my dick, but it was promptly tugged *down* and *up* to help form the inner wall of my new pussy. While this *android* body of mine was not human, clearly it was still biological enough to pass as a human's. *Well, that's how Tactical Dolls were designed, after all! If not, I wouldn't be able to eat. And I LOVE eating!*

My stomach rumbled at the very thought. I clearly believed that I'd always been a *woman*, and my clothing finally changed to reflect that. Before long, I was dressed in a tactical uniform consisting of a sleeveless, white blouse underneath a vest that wrapped around my tits. Fingerless gloves stuck out from beneath detached, military-grade sleeves, and I idly raised those hands to adjust the new silver ribbons that held my hair into tails. The lower half of my body was neatly clad in black spats underneath a pleated, red half-skirt, as well as black shoes and matching thigh highs.

But it wasn't *just* my clothes that had changed. My surroundings changed as well.

“Eh!? When did it get so muggy!?” I felt like a *lot* had happened that I couldn't even comprehend. Was I different somehow? Nah! My T-Doll body was functioning the same as it normally did, wasn't it? I was the same old *Sabrina*, or *SPAS-12* as I used to be called! What was different was my surroundings? I was in a much more humid climate, in a small town at the base of a cliff at dusk? But there wasn't anyone around aside from a cute girl



with pink hair and horns down the street. “**HEEEEEEEY!**”

I didn’t have anything *better* to do, so I cried out to her as I approached with a *big* wave. My big boobs couldn’t help but jiggle around while I did so! It wasn’t until I got closer that I noticed there was someone else sitting at a table. A young girl with cat ears and two tails. She was kind of *familiar* somehow? I really couldn’t recall where I knew her from, though.

The pink haired woman seemed friendly. She waved from behind the grill in front of her. “**HELLO! Are you hungry? I was just fixing something up for this girl and myself! You ever had grilled fruit from around these parts?**” I definitely *was* hungry. That was so nice of her! Grilled fruit? I wonder what fruits even grew around here? I bet we could chat over a nice meal, and then I could learn all about it!

Kicking her feet over the edge of her chair, the cat girl spoke up. “**Miss! Can you cook too? Do you want to make something delicious? I think there’s ingredients for pizza around!**” Even her voice was familiar... But pizza... That sounded *really* good. It would definitely pair well with some delicious, grilled fruit. And seeing as I enjoyed *making* food as much as I did eating it... Well, you didn’t get a build like mine if you didn’t love food!

“Alright! Let’s cook up a storm then!”

This was going to be the beginning of a beautiful friendship!